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THE TRANSFORMERS

ALL HAIL MEGATRON

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"EVERYTHING IN ITS RIGHT PLACE"

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"EVERYTHING IN ITS RIGHT PLACE"

EVERY ONE OF MY PROGNOSTIC EVALUATION PROGRAMS PREDICTED, WITH 98% CERTAINTY...

WHACK

WHERE'S KUP?

...THAT *THIS* WOULD BE HIS REACTION.

SEEMINGLY, *SPRINGER* HAD JUST MADE ONE OF HIS REGULAR TRIPS TO THE SCIENCE VESSEL *ARK-17*, TO CHECK ON THE PROGRESS OF THE VENERABLE—BUT CURRENTLY INCAPACITATED—KUP...

...HE WASN'T THERE.

AND WHERE'S *PERCEPTOR?*

NEITHER WAS PERCEPTOR.

TAKE IT EASY, SPRINGER...

SPRINGER...

...AS THE LEADER OF CRACK COMMANDO UNIT *THE WRECKERS*, HIS HANDS HAVEN'T BEEN CLEAN IN *YEARS*.

WHY DO WE *AUTOBOTS* RELY ON AN EXTREME *LAST* LINE OF DEFENSE WHEN WE SHOULD MAKE OUR *FIRST* ONE COUNT?

HIS *DEFAULT SETTING* IS TO OVERREACT. WITH ONE UPPERCUT, HE EPITOMIZES THE UNCHECKED STREAK OF BRAVADO THAT COURSES THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE AUTOBOTS.

WHAT CHANCE DO WE HAVE OF VICTORY IF WE CONTINUE TO INDULGE *LOOSE CANNONS* AND *WILD CARDS?*

...WE GOT HIM BACK.

WHAT I SET IN MOTION *HERE, TODAY*... WILL MARK THE *TURNING POINT*.

KUP'S BACK.

THAT'S... NOT POSSIBLE...

"*YOU* DIDN'T SEE WHAT HE WAS LIKE WHEN WE FOUND HIM. HE WAS *SICK*, HIS MIND FRIED FROM THE CRYSTALS HE BECAME ADDICTED TO ON THAT PLANET.

"DAMMIT, HIS NEURO-CORE WAS SO CHEWED UP BY RADIATION, HE THOUGHT HE WAS DEFENDING HIMSELF FROM NIGHT-TERRORS AND *GHOSTS*

"BUT INSTEAD...

"...HE WAS MANIFOLD-DEEP IN THE FUEL OF THE AUTOBOTS *I'D* SENT TO RESCUE HIM—AUTOBOTS HE SLAUGHTERED WITH HIS *BARE SERVOS*.

"PERCEPTOR SAID HE WAS TOO FAR GONE, PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY; THAT THERE WAS *NOTHING*—"

YES. AND THAT'S EXACTLY *WHY* I HAD PERCEPTOR BRING KUP HERE...

"...TO THE *KIMIA* FACILITY. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE CAPABLE OF HERE, RIGHT?

"THIS IS *HIGH-END* STUFF WE'RE TALKING ABOUT: LIQUID SHRAPNEL, FOLD-SPACE, IMPORTED MEMORY...

"...SCIENCE THAT EXISTS ALMOST ON A PURELY THEORETICAL LEVEL.

"I TEAMED PERCEPTOR WITH AN AUTOBOT WHO'S MADE SOME HUGE LEAPS RECENTLY DEVELOPING SOME *VERY* UNUSUAL TECH FOR US—"

"SCROLL BACK... *'UNUSUAL TECH'?* THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF..."

...I KNOW *ALL* ABOUT THIS PLACE, PROWL. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MANY FREAKY GRAVITON BLASTERS AND CHRONAL-DISPLACEMENT GRENADES THE WRECKERS HAVE TESTED OUT FOR KIMIA? THE STUFF THESE GUYS COOK UP...

...WAIT A CYC'...

...TELL ME YOU DIDN'T JUST DRAG KUP HERE TO REVERSE-ENGINEER SOME KIND OF WEAPON THAT CAN INFLICT THAT SORT OF RADIATION DAMAGE ON A DECEPTICON?

NO, SPRINGER—

BUT DON'T THINK I DIDN'T CONSIDER IT.

—I HAD KUP BROUGHT HERE BECAUSE *THIS* WAS WHERE BREAKTHROUGHS WERE BEING MADE... WITH THE *PRETENDER PROCESS*.

WAIT—*THE PRETENDER PROCESS?!*

OVER-REACTION PREDICTED WITH 89% ACCURACY.

THE *SAME* PRETENDER PROCESS THAT 'CON ZEALOT *BLUDGEON* HOME-BREWED? THE *SAME* ONE THAT LED TO THE WHOLE *THUNDERWING* MESS, WHICH MEANS *WE* DON'T GET TO LIVE ON *CYBERTRON* ANYMORE?

NICE PLAY, PROWL. THIS SCHEME MAKES KUP'S RESCUE MISSION LOOK AS SMOOTH AS A GEAR CHANGE FROM *BLURR*.

I HAVE HEARD THIS EXACT *SPRINGERISM* PRECISELY *76* TIMES OVER THE LAST THREE-DOZEN DECA-CYCLES. THERE IS NOTHING ABOUT HIM I CANNOT PREDICT.

YOU MUST HAVE MISSED THE PART WHERE I MENTIONED THE *BREAKTHROUGH*, SPRINGER. *JETFIRE* STABILIZED THE PROCESS DURING HIS DEFENSE AGAINST THE *EXPANSION*,* GIVING THE TECHS AT THE FACILITY A WAY FORWARD TO REBUILD KUP.

THIS STATEMENT IS 100% FACTUAL. AS IS THE POINT THAT THE SCIENTISTS HERE CAN MAKE THE *IMPROVEMENTS* IN KUP THAT I WILL LATER REQUIRE.

WE ALWAYS KNEW THAT UPGRADING HIM WOULD BE AN ISSUE DUE TO HIS *PHYSICAL INCOMPATIBILITY* WITH CURRENT TECH, BUT BLUDGEON'S SEEMINGLY FLAWED IDEA OFFERED US A SOLUTION.

*SEE *TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT: SIDESWIPE*

YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, THIS REBUILT KUP... IS A *PRETENDER?*

NEVER WAS TRUER SYNTAX VOCALISED.

GOT IT: THERE'S NO INNER-ROBOT BODY PER SE, BUT THE *CEREBRAL INTERFACE* OPERATES ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE.

HOW?

HOW CAN YOU *HAVE* A CEREBRAL INTERFACE WHEN HE BARELY HAS A CEREBRO-CORTEX LEFT TO INTERFACE WITH?

I DON'T HAVE TO RUN PROJECTED PERSONALITY SIMULATIONS TO KNOW THAT GUILT, WORRY, AND A REFUSAL TO MOVE ON ARE FUELLING HIS DISBELIEF. BUT HE CAN BE SO TIRING...

THE SCIENTISTS MADE A BREAKTHROUGH, SPRINGER. THAT'S THEIR JOB. DON'T YOU GET IT? THIS IS REAL. KUP'S *BACK*. WATCH.

I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE, OF COURSE. BUT IT DOESN'T FAIL TO IMPRESS ME.

AND FOR A *SECOND*...

I SHOW HIM THE FOOTAGE.

>PLAYBACK

...AS I WATCH THIS OLD RELIC MOVE LIKE HE'S NEXT YEAR'S MODEL...

>PLAYBACK

...I *ALMOST* SEE WHAT THE OTHERS SEE.

>PLAYBACK

IT'S A CERTAINTY HE'LL ASK THE QUESTION.

>PLAYBACK

WHAT'S *THAT* IN HIS MOUTH?

WHY IS HE SUCKING ON A *CY-GAR*?

THAT'D BE THE BREAKTHROUGH PERCEPTOR AND HIS TEAM MADE.

THAT WOULD BE SOME RETROGRADE POISON HE'S SUCKING ON. WHY THE HELL DID THESE SCIENCE-BOTS SHOVE A CY-GAR IN HIS FACE?

IT'S ACTUALLY A SYNTHESISED FORM OF THE SOLAR-CHARGED CRYSTAL RADIATION THAT KUP BECAME ADDICTED TO WHILE HE WAS STRANDED, AND IT SERVES AS A FLASHBACK SUPPRESSANT OF SORTS.

IT DOESN'T OVERWHELM HIM OR INSTIGATE ANY NEGATIVE OR UNUSUAL BEHAVIORAL PATTERNS. IT SATISFIES HIS CRAVING WITHOUT AMPLIFYING IT.

TRADE ONE ADDICTION FOR ANOTHER?

BETTER TO THINK OF IT AS KEEPING HIS PERSONALITY PROPPED UP.

WHICH IS EXACTLY HOW I NEED HIM.

BECAUSE IF KUP LOSES STABILITY, THEN HIS WHOLE REASON FOR BEING HERE—THE *SPECIALLY ENCODED PERSONALITY SUBROUTINES* I HAD PERCEPTOR INSTALL—JUST WON'T TAKE EFFECT.

THE ETHICS CAUSE ME NO GUILT. OBVIOUSLY, I KEEP ALL THIS FROM *SPRINGER*, JUST AS I'M CERTAIN HE WOULD KEEP FACTS ABOUT HOW UNPLEASANT HIS JOB CAN GET WHEN HE'S WITH *THE WRECKERS*.

NECESSITY RULES.

LOOK SPRINGER, IT'S NOT IDEAL. BUT AS LONG AS HE KEEPS *IT*, WE KEEP *KUP*.

AND THAT'S SURELY THE LOWEST PRICE WE'VE PAID SO FAR?

THAT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT YOU, PROWL: YOU EVEN CALCULATE YOUR OFF HAND REMARKS TO MAXIMUM EFFECT.

I DIAL IT DOWN TO MAKE MYSELF MORE CONVINCING AS KUP'S SUDDEN BENEFACTOR.

AT THE END OF THE DAY, SPRINGER, KUP IS A *FIGUREHEAD*, A RARE AND GENUINE HERO AMONG AUTOBOTS. NOW, I MAY NOT SUBSCRIBE TO HIS METHODS, BUT RIGHT NOW, WE *NEED* SOMEONE LIKE HIM.

HE'S AN INSPIRATION TO US *ALL*.

I'M COUNTING ON IT.

LET ME SEE HIM.

I LEAD SPRINGER TO THE LAB WHERE KUP IS UNDERGOING ONE FINAL STRIP-DOWN AND REASSEMBLY BEFORE ROLLING OUT.

WELL, GET OVER HERE, KID...

...I AIN'T GONNA RIP YOUR HEAD OFF!

AND THERE HE IS: *KUP*. JUST AS HE WAS *BEFORE*.

AND YET DIFFERENT. A *PRETENDER*.

EVEN DISASSEMBLED, HE HOLDS THE ROOM TOGETHER THROUGH SHEER STRENGTH OF PERSONALITY. WHAT AUTOBOT *WOULDN'T* BLINDLY FILE IN BEHIND HIM?

AS FAR AS ON-THE-JOB REFLEXES GO, SPRINGER'S READILY ACCESSED SHORTCUTS TO HIS EMOTIONAL PROCESSORS ARE AN *ASSET*.

KUP...

BUT IN THIS INSTANCE THEY BELITTLE HIM.

FORGET TO ATTACH YOUR FEET, OLD-TIMER?

YER WISEAFT ROUTINE'S GETTIN' OLDER'N ME, PAL.

I'LL LEARN YA SOME RESPECT ONCE I RE-ATTACH MY FIGHTIN' HAND. NOW WHERE IS IT...?

KUP...

...KUP!

KUP...

...KUP! YOU OKAY?

UH?

OH...SURE...THE OL' ASSEMBLY-LINE FOG AIN'T COMPLETELY BURNED OFF YET...

HERE YOU GO, COMMANDER.

HEY! NICE JOB, PERCEPTOR! THE SCIENCE OF CONVALESCENCE HAS COME A LONG WAY, HUH? Y'KNOW THEY GOT THIS SPECIALLY *MADE* FOR ME?

KUP, I... ON BEHALF OF... I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW HOW MUCH YOU MEAN... TO *US*. TO THE *AUTOBOTS*.

I CAN SAFELY AFFIRM THAT HE'S NEVER MEANT MORE TO *ME*.

Y'KNOW, WHAT YOU SAID THERE... I APPRECIATE IT.

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK.

PERCEPTOR, YOU'RE TO BE SECONDED TO KUP...

...*INDEFINITELY*. YOU'RE TO BE ON HAND WITH A READY SUPPLY OF FLASHBACK SUPPRESSANTS. AS WELL AS THAT, I'LL NEED YOU TO MONITOR THE INTEGRATION PROGRESS OF THOSE NEW PERSONALITY SUBROUTINES I... *SUGGESTED* BE INSTALLED.

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT...

YEAH YOU DO, PERCEPTOR.

HERE'S THE DATA-DUMP: WE'RE NOT WINNING THIS WAR, AND I'M *TIRED* OF IT. TIRED OF CRUNCHING STAT AFTER STAT, FORMULATING WORKABLE STRATEGIES FOR *ACHIEVABLE VICTORY*. PRIME LISTENS—TO A POINT—THEN GETS *RESTLESS* AND CHANGES TACK ON A WHIM.

THE AVERAGE AUTOBOT DEFAULT SETTING IS DAREDEVIL MAVERICK. THAT'S NOT *US*, PERCEPTOR. *WE* CAN SUBDIVIDE THIS WAR INTO ITS PUREST MATHEMATICAL FORM AND GENERATE SOLUTIONS ALL WE WANT, BUT UNLESS WE HAPPEN TO BE *SURFING* ON A *METEOROID* AT THE TIME, *NO ONE* WILL PAY ATTENTION.

'BOTS LIKE KUP HAVE THE SENSORS AND RECEPTORS OF THE MASSES ALREADY HE'S THE CONDUIT. IF *WE* PROVIDE THE CODE, *KUP* WILL PROVIDE THE MASS INSTALLATION FOR US.

YOU'RE THE LEAST *WARLIKE* AUTOBOT I KNOW. BY BEING A PART OF THIS, YOU'RE BRINGING US NEARER TO *PEACE*.

100% OF THIS STATEMENT IS TRUE. HE KNOWS I'M RIGHT.

HE CAN NEVER, *EVER* KNOW WHAT HE DID.

KUP CAN *NEVER* KNOW WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT PLANET, OR WHAT WE DID—

WHAT *YOU* DID.

—WHAT WAS *DONE* TO GET HIM BACK. IF HE KNEW THAT *HIS* LIFE WAS VALUED OVER THE DOZENS WE SENT TO DIE AT HIS HANDS, THEN HE'LL JUST GO AND THROW HIMSELF IN THE NEAREST *SUN* AND HAVE DONE WITH IT.

PERCEPTOR, TRAILBREAKER, SIREN, SIZZLE, AND ANYONE ELSE FROM ARK-17 WHO KNEW WHAT HAPPENED CAN NEVER SPEAK OF THIS TO *ANYONE*.

THE DEAFENING CLATTER OF *SOLIDIFIED OBVIOUSNESS* REVERBERATES AROUND MY AUDIO RECEPTORS.

IT'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, SPRINGER

AS IF I *HADN'T* COVERED THIS. AND EVEN IF I HADN'T, THEIR COLLECTIVE BLIND LOYALTY TO SPRINGER WOULD HAVE ENSURED THEIR SILENCE.

OF COURSE IT HAS. IF THERE WERE SOME ANGLE WHERE YOU COULD SCORE POINTS WITH PRIME FOR THIS, YOU'D HAVE IT COVERED.

CORRECT.

THOUGH IT'S FAIR TO SAY OPTIMUS PRIME WOULD BE ATTRACTED TO THE ROMANTIC NOTION OF RISKING ALL FOR A FALLEN COMRADE.

EVEN WHEN—COMPARED TO THE NUMBERS *LOST* IN RETRIEVING HIM—THAT COMRADE IS OF NEGLIGIBLE STATISTICAL IMPORTANCE. OPTIMUS WOULDN'T *BE* OPTIMUS WITHOUT HIS WILLINGNESS TO GAMBLE ALL FOR NOTHING.

IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. AS TRANSFORMERS, IT'S IN OUR NATURE TO ADAPT AND CHANGE ACCORDING TO THE GIVEN SITUATION.

BUT THIS OVERPOWERING SENTIMENTALISM AND ACCEPTANCE OF THE REBEL ELEMENT HOLDS US BACK FROM VICTORY.

I CAN SEE THE CRACKS STARTING TO SHOW. INTEL ON THE CURRENT DECEPTICON SITUATION DRIES UP.

STILL NOTHING, PRIME

..."STILL NOTHING"...

STATISTICALLY, IT'S A CERTAINTY THAT HIS NEED TO BE ACTIVE WILL BE *SEVERELY* COUNTERPRODUCTIVE.

MY PROJECTIONS AND STRATEGIZING ALL SAY THE SAME THING: DO *NOTHING*.

WAIT.

PRIME TRUSTS MY ADVICE. HE LISTENS TO ME.

BUT SOON, PRIME WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR ME ANYMORE, MY VOICE JUST A CONDUIT FOR FACTS AND FIGURES. IT DOESN'T SPEAK TO THE *WARRIOR* INSIDE.

NOT LIKE *IRONHIDE* DOES...

YOU KNOW WHAT *I* THINK...

BUT WE ALLOW RATCHET, HOT ROD, GRIMLOCK, AND SPRINGER—SANCTIONING UNTRAINED AUTOBOTS TO RESCUE A DERANGED VETERAN—TO BUCK THE SYSTEM.

AND THEN *CELEBRATE* THEM.

COMPARE THESE EXAMPLES WITH THE DECEPTICONS. OF COURSE, THEY HAVE THEIR OWN ROGUE ELEMENTS—THE *SCORPONOKS*, *BLUDGEONS*, AND *THUNDERWINGS*—BUT FOR THE MOST PART, THEY ACT AS *ONE*.

THEY MAY HAVE SINISTER GOALS, BUT THERE'S NOTHING EVIL ABOUT REASON, ANALYSIS, DISCIPLINE... *LOGIC*.

WHY CAN'T THESE BE THE *TOOLS* OF THE *AUTOBOTS*?

I'M JUST NOT THE FIGUREHEAD AUTOBOTS SEEM TO *NEED*. BUT THEN, I DON'T *WANT* TO BE. I DON'T *THRIVE* ON ATTENTION. IT'S THE BADGE ON MY CHEST THAT MATTERS, NOT MY FACE.

SO FROM NOW ON, *KUP'S* MY FACE.

OR ONE OF THEM.

HE WAS ALREADY A LIVING LEGEND. NOW HE'S BACK ONLINE, HE'LL BE IN THE SPOTLIGHT EVEN MORE, ALL OPTICS LOCKED ON *HIM*. GOOD.

BECAUSE NOW, I CAN SPEAK THROUGH HIM, AND FINALLY GET *THE MESSAGE* ACROSS.

WHAT PERCEPTOR SAID STILL AMUSES ME...

YOU HYPOTHESISE THAT THE TENDENCY AMONG AUTOBOTS TO DISREGARD ORDERS WHEN THEY IMPEDE MORAL OR PERSONAL CRUSADES DIRECTLY UNDERMINES YOUR PREFERRED BRAND OF LOGIC-ORIENTED STRATEGY?

IN SO MANY WORDS, YES.

INTERESTING THEN THAT THE QUALITIES YOU INTEND TO DISCREDIT AND QUASH COULDN'T BE MORE EVIDENT ...

...THAN IN THE *AUTOBOT* WHO SECRETLY OVERSEES THE REHABILITATION OF ANOTHER *PURELY* TO HAVE HIS POINT MADE.

THE IRONY ISN'T LOST ON ME

BUT PERCEPTOR, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SOMEONE LIKE HOT ROD AND SOMEONE LIKE ME...

...IS THAT NO ONE WILL *EVER* KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE.

WHICH IS PRECISELY HOW I WANT IT TO STAY.

I DON'T *WANT* TO LEAD. I DON'T *NEED* PUBLIC APPROVAL. MY GOAL IS TO PUT ALL MY RESOURCES INTO WINNING THIS WAR.

THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE FOR A *NUMBER CRUNCHER* LIKE ME. BUT WITH KUP, *EVERYONE* WANTS TO HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.

SO NOW, WHEN HE *SPEAKS*...

...YOU WON'T EVEN SEE MY LIPS MOVE.

WELCOME BACK *KUP.*

END.

THE AUTOBOT BATTLECRUISIER *TRION.*

GO.

I KNOW IT'S MY TURN, DRIFT. BUT WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS GAME AGAIN?

GO. THAT'S THE NAME. GO.

AH, GOT IT.

SO HOW'S IT FEEL TO WEAR THE AUTOBOT BADGE?

GOOD, BLURR. IT FEELS GOOD.

YEAH, I KNOW ABOUT CHANGING YOUR FUNCTION.

I WAS A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT 'BOT BEFORE THE WAR.

WE ALL WERE.

"LOST & FOUND"

A HUNDRED GAMES OF GO LATER.

BLASTER, BEEN ABLE TO CONTACT ANY AUTOBOTS?

NOTHING SO FAR, KUP.

THEN WHY THE HELL DID I BRING YOU ON AS COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER?!

KUP—

SORRY. ALL THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS, NOW NOTHING CAN'T EVEN RAISE THE COMMAND HUB...

...SOMETHING BAD IS HAPPENING.

PERCEPTOR'S BACK ONLINE.

THANK PRIMUS.

GREAT NEWS, KID.

BUT SOMETHING'S UP. HE'S NOT QUITE UP TO SPEED YET.

THERE'S OUR BRAINIAC...

...ALREADY BUSY, I... SEE...

GAA—

I'VE JUST FINISHED MY NEW BREASTPLATE.

IT'S FABRICATED FROM ADAMANT CRYSTAL, WHICH HAS A HARDNESS RATING IN THE TOP PERCENTILE OF MINERALS KNOWN IN THIS SPUR OF THE GALAXY.

UH, GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER.

THANKS TO DRIFT, I'M TOLD.

MUCH OBLIGED.

BUT LYING THERE HELPLESS WITH A MASSIVE APERTURE IN MY CHEST...

...I WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN AGAIN.

LATER.

THESE STABILIZERS WILL HELP IMPROVE MY AIM.

WHY? WE NEED YOU AT WORK IN THE LAB.

MY SCOPE CAN BE USED FOR OTHER THINGS, THINGS MORE USEFUL IN THIS WAR.

AND IN REPAYING MY DEBT TO DRIFT.

WE ALL HAVE A DEBT TO PAY.

THERE'S NO DEBT. I DON'T FEEL I OWE YOU FOR HELPING PUT ME BACK TOGETHER.

JUST DOIN' YOUR JOB. THAT'S ALL ANY 'BOT CAN ASK

KUP, WE'VE GOT A TRANSMISSION. IT'S FAINT... IT'S... HOT ROD...

"... HE'S GOT A DECEPTICON BATTLECRUISER HOT ON HIS TAIL."

"ON OUR WAY, BLASTER."

HOT ROD, HAVE AN ID ON THE SHIP?

CAN'T RIP THE MANIFEST, SO I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THE CREW.

"WELL, EXCEPT FOR THIS 'BOT WITH A FEW SENSOR CABLES LOOSE... BLUDGEON...

"...HE SENDS THE MOST CHARMING TRANSMISSIONS THAT DESCRIBE HOW I'LL 'BURN IN THE PURIFYING FLAMES' OR 'BE TURNED INTO A CINDER.'"

WHAT WERE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

TZSHHH

HOT ROD!

EVERYBODY, LOCK IN!

WHERE'S PERCEPTOR?

STILL IN THE INFIRMARY. DOING PRIMUS KNOWS WHAT TO HIMSELF.

PERCEPTOR, WE'RE ABOUT TO GO ON A LITTLE RESCUE MISSION. IF THINGS GET HAIRY, I NEED YOU TO STAY WITH THE SHIP AS BACKUP.

YOU'RE NOT READY FOR THIS YET.

YOU'RE RIGHT, KUP. I'M NOT READY—YET.

I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS FROM HERE.

COME, AUTOBOT.

BE CONTENT WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOUR SACRIFICE WILL HELP BRING RENEWAL TO CYBERTRON.

I WON'T BE TAKEN PRISONER AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL BE FREE SOON ENOUGH.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.

THIS WILL NEVER DO.

MONSTRUCTOR... *UNITE!*

KLANG

THIS IS GONNA GET UGLY.

SSSSS

WHAM

HIT IT HARD WHERE THE TORSO COMPONENTS CONNECT! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

BADA-BOOM

JUST DOIN' MY JOB.

YOUR JOB? THAT WOULD BE *SCIENTIST*. *NOT* SHARPSHOOTER.

I HAVE A NEW PURPOSE NOW.

YOU'VE DEFILED YOURSELF.

OUR RACE'S DISTINCT NATURE IS BASED UPON OUR ADAPTABILITY. THAT'S LARGELY BEEN FORGOTTEN SINCE THE WAR BEGAN.

UH, GUYS. THE 'CONS ARE GETTING AWAY.

BLASTER, SEE TO SPRINGER.

WE'LL GO AFTER THEM IN THE TRION...

...THOSE 'BOTS HAVE A DEBT TO PAY.

END.